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The
VANISHED WORLD

BY DOUGLAS DUER





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THE VANISHED WORLD

BY
DOUGLAS DUER



BOSTON
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY
1916

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no. 1.

TO
E. M. H.
THEIR CRITIC AND FRIEND
THESE POEMS ARE DEDICATED

NOTE

For permission to reprint some of the poems here included the author is indebted to *The Century Magazine*.

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THE VANISHED WORLD



THE VANISHED WORLD

ON other altars newer sacrifices
Are heaped forever to a changing name;
Others the hands that bear the balms and
spices —

Only the spirit that heeds them is the same
Which looked on you, when hand in hand you
came,

Phantoms of youth! with flowers heavy and
pale,

And aromatics for the tapering flame
Which now no more the fanes of earth exhale:
Faint are those ecstasies which knew no leaven,
Perfect in earth, being ignorant of heaven.

Then breathe to tell us that no loves are lost;
Or still unbreathing, touch our dreams to say
Where float those petals on the river tossed
Of rolling time; what harbour is your stay?
Why all those passions if no other way
Guide the descending feet of perished men
Than that which leads to withered silence grey,
Ending in dust and loveless earth again?
The most we bode, and all that ruth will give
Is, having loved, it was enough to live.

And if by any pool I cup my palm,
Bending to watch the circles it has made
Corrode and shiver that grave shining calm,

And so diverge, and spread, and smooth, and
fade

Till the last ripple in pure light is laid:
There I perceive the hand that moved me on
To run my way, to trace my gleam and shade:
In those same waters were your passions drawn,
And there obliterated, and are grown
Poignant and clear, being mingled with my own.

It may be that such ripples clove the glass
Of midnight-bosomed and slow-moving Nile,
Where the great painted barques were wont to
pass

To sound of many zithers, with the guile
Of living limbs — the dark, the deathless smile,
Inscrutable and stirring through all years
To eyes of lovers. From the templed isle
The lamps are vanished: the mute column hears
Not one resonance of that vibrant choir
Chanting of gods, and men, and man's desire.

The laughter of warm voices in strange tongue
Mixed with that music: the faint, opiate airs
Blew softly where the spiring censer hung.
Or fanned with secret breath the agate flares,
And all was beauty, heedless of all cares,
Pleasure on pleasure the spelled sense reviving:
Dreams with our waking, love with our de-
spairs,

Now charmed beyond the clasp of any striving;

A myriad stars glowed from the purple plain
On many breasts that beat to one rich strain.

Hour of all hours! To hear the waters move
Beneath the sliding all-but-silent keel:
To grasp the fruitage of delight: to prove
The heart and redolence of life: to feel
With each breath drawn, the cheek to which
 you kneel
Grow warm, and flush, and press upon the lips!
It is the lotus-potence which you steal
From that ecstatic bloom whose chalice drips
A moisture drawing sleep on the closed eyes;
Sleep, and a robe of dreams beyond surmise.

And what are men, to cast away a flower
The rarest of their life's brief coronal:
The freshest, fullest, blooming for an hour
And ever after lost? Could they recall
The transient time when the earth's best is all
Beneath the palm, to pluck or leave unknown —
Then might they pass it by, or let it fall!
One moment lives for each, and one alone:
The cup is fullest once, the lips are kindest,
The eyes are brightest — let them not be
 blindest.

A GRECIAN DANCER

PYRRHA, whose footsteps, gleaming in the
dance,
Adorn the air and paint upon the wind
With sinuous rhythms richly intertwined
The glory of youth and amorous romance:
To you, flushed goddess of the mirthful
glance,
The rioting cymbals clash their jocund song;
And cytharas loud, with all the choral throng,
Bear up your feet as on the wings of chance.

Surely it is the flickering torch that flings
This vision on the night! Those lips that
burn,
Those limbs that flash, were marble or blown
dust
A long age gone, and into darkness thrust
That wind-wild hair — or else the lost return,
Borne by the rising rapture of the strings.

THE MERCHANT

BEAUTY for beauty would I give and take —
So rich a silk for such a worth in gold;
Fine ivories of the South, and gems that break
The dimmest ray to glories manifold.
Crystals have I, and Persian jars that hold
A thousand thousand roses thrice distilled; —
Beauty for beauty, fairly weighed and told —
Rich gems — fine jars with precious attar
filled!

I have bought amber in the northward seas,
Rare woods in Lebanon, gold-dust in the Sands;
From Tyre to Carthage has my prosperous
prow
Rolled up the foam; and yet it was but now
That *Lydia* passed me, singing! Many lands
Hold not the wealth to barter love for ease!

Like a faint cameo is her face, as when
The rose-red lava blushes through the white.
These Greeks have skill to carve it! Other
men

Have only pow'r to buy. The tunic slight
Blew with the movement of her foot-pace light,
And clung and fluttered on the slender thigh.
Over the busy quay, and so from sight,
With one half-wondering glance, she passed me
by.

That was but yesterday — yet in my sleep

It seemed two thousand years ago she passed
With curious look and amphora held high!
I saw the crowded purple of the deep,
Smelt the warm spice-bales, felt the spell she
 cast;
And yonder dark Phœnician — that was I!

FRIEZE OF POMPEII

I

INVOCATION

THE breath of your lost laughter warms
My cheek ; close to the verge you press,
With the faint fragrance and the rosy forms
Of long-gone loveliness.

How have I sought those viewless ways
To your white shrine ! What burning prayer
Mingled amid the birch-smoke, in your praise
Cast out upon the air

Come, Beauty ! Soul of high desires,
Pure goddess clouded from our strife ;
Touch but one strand among the breathing
wires
And wake my song to life !

II

In many a sealed vase enurned
The ashes of old passions lie ;
Dust is the flame of many a cheek that burned,
And many a limpid eye !

Sappho the Lesbian sleeps alone,
Never a kiss to break her rest ;
Vanished her feet from the spray-girdled stone,
And cold her white-rose breast.

And there no maids pursue, nor any
Weave the violet rope, nor smile;
Through the blue ripples roll her tears to many
A hyacinthine isle.

III

Shake now the gold-dust in your hair
And bind the bracelets on your arms;
The guests are gathering in the shade; prepare
The banquet of your charms,

Glycis! That other eyes may feast,
Nor ever cloy, upon the store;
What dawn has broken when my lips have
 ceased
To cry in vain for more?

Yet ah! the days — the hours — are few
That youth provides her best. Not long
Shall I be thirsted for the cup that you
Divide to all the throng.

IV

Down breasted slopes the streams run chill
With snows that fade in brake and byre;
Now year-forgotten languors touch and thrill
The founts of new desire.

At such an hour the sleepy faun
First feels the sun-stir in his blood,
And rolls and stretches on the forest lawn;
Or tip-toe through the wood

He skips, to seek those slanted eyes
That mocked and fled his late awaking;
Tread softly, shepherds! lest your steps sur-
prise
A sylvan marriage-making.

V

High on the cliff the reapers rest
Embosomed in the fragrant grasses;
Lithe, laughing, sunburned girls, who dream
the quest
Of each far sail that passes.

They say that, seen between the blades,
A ship of Tyre is no great thing;
A purple butterfly alights, and shades
The galley with his wing.

When you and I have found a place
Lower than grass, how great will seem
Wreaths of the forest, or laurels of the race —
Those argosies we dream?

VI

At passion's budding, the gods know
The fruit, and smile at us who stand
Beneath, alas! where love and hunger go
Forever hand in hand;

Or where a forked doubt flames up
Tumultuous from the burning mouth,
Withering like cinders from the crater's cup,
Parching with fiery drouth

Those fields of hope and plenty, tended
So long with deep and careful thought;
Lo! the bright orchards ravaged, the boughs
 rended,
In ashes come to naught!

VII

The fountain spurts, the waters mount
Unending in a crystal spray;
Then fall to feed the sources of the fount,
There to repeat the play.

Above the rest a sparkling single
Drop is cast; another follows,
Flying to clasp it close and intermingle
Ere yet the basin swallows

The flight of both. Since both must be
Engulfed at last, O would that I
Might clasp you, Glycis! while my soul is free
To love, and yours to fly.

VIII

Under the noon-tide's brooding glow
Broad fields lie quivering to the heat,
Where now I see the death-red poppies grow
In the life giving wheat;

The flower of Sleep, whose crimson bowl
Holds many a dream, but none so strange
As that we live in, where the waking soul
Moves in a mist of change,

Dissolving from the out-reached palm
Laurels, or beauty, or desire:
Enfolding all things in the final calm
That quells our mortal fire.

PHRYNÉ'S FOUNTAIN

TODAY the Spring awoke by Phryné's fount,
Where olive leaves and dusky cypress blent
With orchard boughs o'erbent,
Wave by the waters that forever mount,
Wave o'er the streams where once I dwelled
content.

Phryné the fair, whose shame and sweetness
blushed
In the petal-curved lip, or looked and hid
Beneath a violet lid,
Or warm and rose-red from the deep heart
rushed
To mask with flowers all the wrong she did;

Phryné, whose breast the cherry blossom cup
Full brimmed with dew, could teach no sweeter
scent,
The idle noon-time spent
By this cool flood forever welling up —
The waters took her sweetness where they
went,

That roses by the river-lip might learn
How to beset their beauty with a snare,
And iris growing there
Colour without scent's virtue; moss and fern
To hide the cruel rock uncouth and bare!

THE LAST PHŒNICIANS

THEY call us pirates up and down the seas —
Thieves of their women — all the names of
hate

And fear: yet in the days when Tyre was great
We brought them comforts, taught them how
to please

Their smoky Gods with incense. On their
knees

In ignorant fear they watched us beach our
ships:

We taught them Letters, and their thankless
lips

Curse us from Dacia to Hesperides!

Now that the belly of the Tyrian sail
No longer takes the wind, they cast us out,
Or worse, come down to meet us with the sword;
They mark the dwindling argosies, and hail
Our fading force with festal song and shout:
“ *The Lion dies, and Jackal is the lord!* ”

A SONG OF LETHE

VELVET soft her silence is,
Cool and deep —
Such tranquillities of bliss
Hath no mortal sleep —
Such a dark, delightful stillness,
Quelling sorrow, care and illness!

Over limbs that placid lie
Lethe-stream,
Ever murmurous, passes by,
Lulling all to dream;
With her monody low-swelling,
Subtile, stealthy, sleep-compelling.

Neither light nor dark is here
Only dusk:
Neither hope, nor love, nor fear —
Only, sweet as musk,
Cool as snow in mountain-hollows —
Silence, where no tumult follows.

Here are those who must forget their
Paradise;
Wonder weird of what they met there,
Death to mortal eyes!
On the marge of Lethe lie
Many shadows such as I.

HERTHA

HERTHA

A VIKING SONG

To Hertha, whose breath is the wind,
And whose thoughts are the stars in the sky,
Who created the mole to be blind,
And the hawk and the eagle to fly —

All thanks for the force that abides
In the head and the heart and the hand;
Waes hael! to the power that guides
The prows of the long-boats to land.

For the song and the sting of the spray,
For the blue and the green and the white,
For the sea-labour lusty by day
And the red-litten pillage by night:

For the pleasure of seizing or giving,
For revelry, peril, and strife,
For all that is zestful in living:
Drink Hael! to the Mother of Life!

O Hertha! well done! who created
The raven to fly and be free —
The gull and the surf to be mated,
And wedded the Norse to the Sea!

ALOHA OE

So rich the rose, so fair the sky,
I win no sleep, howe'er I lie:
While through the open window floats
From musical and many throats
 An island melody;
Aloha oe, they softly sing,
In chorus to the throbbing string.

The burning stars, the garden white,
They beckon in the balmy light;
I know not where my want is found,
But there's a longing in the sound,
 A fever in the night;
Aloha oe! the rich guitar —
The fainting rose, the fevered star!

OUT OF THE DEEP

THE water where our shadows lay
Was bottomed in a crystal bay,
Where overside ten fathoms deep
The ruffled sponges lay asleep,
And the mute fishes gleamed and passed.
A soundless world completely glassed
Lay weltering in liquid light,
Along the sands beyond our sight.

And there a castled coral lies,
Where fishes with their cold clear eyes
Go streaming through the watery ways,
And fade like dreams in the bright maze:
The netted shadows cross and weave
Among the finny lanes they leave.

Ten fathoms down the corals reach
Their branches from the hidden beach;
And there at the green island's foot
The seed of all its life had root.

INDIAN SONG

THROUGH the cold of the snow,
Through the heat of the sun;
South where the deserts glow,
North where the rivers run;
East where the spices blow,
West where the day is done —
Whither my love may go
There shall our bed be one.

Has he not suffered long?
Is not his passion true?
He bore pain with a song,
Love he shall never rue!
Lonely, he thought no wrong;
Falseness he never knew;
Lo! Where one heart was strong
There shall the hearts be two!

A CANARY

O SINGER from the Fortunate Isles of Old,
Whose rapid and clear chant on Teneriffe
Rose ringing, or fell seaward from the cliff
Down rough Hierro's promontories bold:

It bodes but ill that minstrel visions hold
The wide winds, and the plunging sun-warm
seas;

What is the guerdon? Fetters for your ease,
And brassy barriers for your gift of gold;

And bitter days, if all the truth were told,
And lonely nights, that make the song more
shrill;

The maddening want — the never-ceasing ill —
The bursting flight by circumstance controlled
To frenzy: yes, and that last rapture thrill
For worth of passing pleasure bought and sold.

AN ORCHID

CENTURIES of growth and rot
Make her bed: within the glooms
Of her own tangled, fever-hot,
Still, stifling wood she blooms —
Flower evil and most fair,
Writhéd lips and silken form
Flaunting lure for all who dare
The brazen sun, the sudden storm,
The stench and steam, the chill and warm
Of her miasma-haunted lair.

In the dim recesses hid,
Having not her root in earth;
Battening on decay, amid
The death that gives her birth;
Where the jaguar stalks his prey
And the gaudy snakes lie sleeping —
Every hour of night and day
Creatures torpid, flying, creeping,
Triple death-watch round her keeping,
Bid her lovers come to stay.

Where the burning cheek grows thin,
Where the palsied finger shakes,
Her wanton bed she makes:
Where the flaming eye sinks in,

Flares upon the reeling sight
Like a fever-phantasy —
Dances in the dizzy light
Strange, delirious, wild, awry —
Seems to lure, to mock, to fly,
Fall and fade in shuddering night!

THE UNDYING FIRE

THE UNDYING FIRE

THE stars like torches kindled are
And sparkle thick in splendor,
Each burning in his silence far
The prisoned song to render.

And down their deep the night-wind blows;
I tremble to the breathing
That stirs the rich wild climbing rose
Around his trellis wreathing.

In his bright bloom the fires of earth
Are tossing, flaming, burning;
There's more of life in this wild night
Than in a year of yearning!

HAROUN'S SONG

SWEET sounds I make beneath your window
 gable,

 Rich chords, but low;

For thus, and thus, the too full heart is able

 To say what moves it so.

Sweet sounds I make, and tremble in the
 making:

 Sleeping are you, or waking?

Feel where the coverlet, light-folded lying,

 Moulds forth your breast:

Is there no tumult there, no secret crying

 To trouble that warm rest?

Did I not speak — were this my music dumb,

 Still you would hear, and come!

Still you would wake, by force of this my pas-
 sion

 That shakes me so:

The fire that scathes my soul in such a fashion

 Still must you feel and know:

Still must you know the winds that search
 and sear,

 The longing and the fear!

PERSIAN LOVE-SONG

My young love's eyes are like a lighted shrine;
Her breath, warm roses' breath at brooding
noon:

Her lashes bind my heart with silken toils
On her breast's altar, where I lie and suffer;
Yea — my heart's blood wells up in sacrifice —
I swoon and die, because she is not mine!

All the long night my heart-strings to her touch
Throb the song of passion exquisite.
Her little fingers with rose-petal nails
Move swiftly in and out those pulsing wires.
Ah! the long sigh that shakes me like a sob —
It gushes from the very core of life!

Nightly I seek her where the night wind seeks
The ceaseless-rustling tassels of the maize:
How can I know if this be love? Alas!
The days are years, and night-time bare of
sleep!

The sun at noon, the flaming stars at night
Look down in mirth to tell me "This is love!"

ARABESQUE

ONE there comes in silence fleet
Swiftly on the velvet sod;
Lays a tribute round your feet,
Feet of light with silver shod,
Slender feet with silver shod!

One is here whose earthly frame
Trembling in the flames of earth
Bursts at last to living flame;
So a rose hath had its birth,
Passion's rose hath had its birth!

Secret are the shining stars,
Secret is the silver light,
Dark and deep the shadow-bars —
Let me see your eyes tonight,
Let me know your love tonight!

Here is life and here am I;
All the sweets you brood upon
When the midnight breezes cry
Breath of life and love are one —
Breath of life and love are one!

THE SWORD-SONG OF KIÉRÁN

MAKE sharp the sword, Kiérán! Let no stain
Be on the blade. A little blemish mars
Her whispering song, her song of love and
 pain,
Her wrathful sword-song underneath the stars!
I'd have her bright, as when a high moon bars
The blue Ægean with a glittering path:
I'd have it clear, her song of strife and scars,
Her whispering song, her song of love and
 wrath!

O trembling hand! dost thou hold back from
 this
Thy kindest action, and thy last . . . but
 one?
Is it too fair, that breast thou knowest of?
Take up the eager blade! Thou bringest bliss
After a little pain. O tears, be done!
Tonight a sword shall wed me to my love.

TRUTH

HOPE that was born of a flower,
Truth that came in a night,
Love that was mine for an hour,
Promise of dim delight,—
Gone from the reach of my power
Out of my touch and sight —
Gone like a summer shower,
Gone like the winter light!
Hope that was born of a flower,
Truth that came in a night.

Petals as white as death,
Pale as the mountain snow,
Sweet as the spice-isle's breath —
Vanished where all must go!

Oh, if a hand I know
Had left me but this to keep!
A weal in the day of woe —
A dream in the death of sleep;
A bloom where the tares must grow,
A flower where the thorns must creep,—
Dear flower that stirred me so,
Seed of the pain I reap!
Would that a hand I know
Had left me but this to keep.

Petals for brightening eyes,
Petals for quickening breath,
Petals for hope that flies,
Scattered and blown in death!

FINALE

I HAVE turned away from the sun
And set my breast to the earth:
My day is faded and done —
Now at the last I am one
With the Mother that gave me birth:
She has darkened the stars and the sun.

Air, take my breath for your own —
Water, the blood of my frame;
Earth, let my body and bone
Root in the tree and the stone;
Lastly, spirit of flame
Mingle my fire with your own.

I have bartered a transient sigh
For the sweep and space of the air;
Flood and mountain am I,
Flower and field and sky,
Fires that flicker and flare —
All for a transient sigh!

THE PURSUERS

THE PURSUERS

My speedy chariot through the night
Unflagging rushes to the goal —
A storm of steel in eager flight,
A force without a sense or soul;
The furious wheels resistless roll,
And faster, faster hurl we on —
Our only hail a brazen toll
That scarce awakes, ere we are gone.

Oh, ne'er so sure of wild success
The mortal, mad, eternal race
To make our limits less and less,
And join the ends of time and space!
But what avails the frantic pace,
The linked force of steel and fire?
Or gain or lose, at last we face
Denial of the mad desire.

For close upon the nightly wind
Our shadowy, fleet reflections ride,
And fly we like a ghost or fiend
Those mocking shapes are still beside;
Though fierce and swift we reel and glide,
Though red the toiling stoker delves,
Our shades are with us, stride for stride —
We cannot hope to lose *ourselves!*

A WOMAN OF SAMARIA

Too well I know what the voices mean —
The tale of the mart, the cry in the street,
The whispered word and the grin unclean
That follow my weary-moving feet —
I am what they will not forget
Who kept their girlhood clean and free —
A woman of the street, and yet,
The Christ's own hand fell soft on me.

Bitter it is to feel and know
I love the life I now must lead —
The thrilling glare, the flaunting show,
The painted craft, the shallow greed:
Yes, I could find it in my power
To laugh and burn my life away,
But that there comes a little hour
Between the fevered night and day,

In the chill dawn, perhaps, or blown
Down the still pave, when one by one
The beacon street-lamps wink alone,
The day's work ended, mine begun —
Then like a knell of death I hear
"Thou art forgiv'n: go, sin no more!"
For whither can I take my fear,
And who will bide the leper's sore?

BLACK AND GOLD

SCENT-SMOKE thick and blue
Coiled and rolled
And sickened the close air
Between us two;
I, in the lacquer chair,
 (Heavy of breath)
And over the table of black and gold
A white face,
A drawn face,
A face of death.

Dragons in that place
Crawl and glide
On the table's lacquered black:
But the pallid face,
Terrible, called me back,
Heavy of breath,
Whithersoever my look would hide,
To its blank eyes,
Its dull eyes,
Its eyes of death.

Slang of the city sty,
Craft of the gutter —
Crying the wares which now
None came to buy:
Greed of the sunken slough,
Fœtid of breath;

Hunger and squalor, swift to utter
A low price,—
A cheap price,—
A price of death.

Failing the trade, to tell
 (Merry with food)
Of the thing unborn, yet dead,
That late befell.
It cost me a ten, she said
With snarling breath;
But I loved it the same — the crawling brood!
And a wry grin,
A mad grin,
A grin of death.

I REMEMBER A NIGHT

I REMEMBER a night when the low late moon
Rose in a pallor of mist from the world's dim
 verge;
Under the wood-edge a cicada's choir was in
 tune
With a teeming sound, like foam on a faraway
 surge.

Hard by the foot-bridge, dim in the mist-robed
 field,
An odor of honeysuckle flowed in the air,
Sweet and piercingly sweet, like a face revealed
Or a voice heard of one awaiting me there.

And all the ways of a winding path to the
 wood,
Breasting a vaporous lake in the lonest of
 hours,
I walked in the marvellous peace of a love un-
 derstood,
Hand in hand with the passionate spirit of
 flowers.

PAGLIACCIO

PAGLIACCIO

CHILD of those lovers, mortal mirth and woe,
Poor Pagliaccio, fool and lover both,
How often have I laughed, and left you loath,
Not dreaming that your play was mingled so
With prayers and creeping dread; or that the
show

Of gaudy silks could hide so red a heart —
A mind so tantalized and torn apart —
A soul so taunted of the powers below.

And look! the laugh, the kiss, the sudden
blow —

The flaring lights, and frightened faces round
A stained and sinking form — oh, well I know
That rising, ringing cry! The knife has found
A lovely sheath! Aha, Pagliaccio!
Your heart was breaking then — I know that
sound.

THE HOUR OF SLEEP

SLEEP, I lend you now in trust
This, the flower of my dust.
Every ill I may have done,
All the hurts to me unknown,
Mortal chills of care and doubt,
With your warm walls close them out.
She has wants beyond my ken
(Being but a man of men);
Secret modesties innate,
Senses quick and delicate;
Who can tell if I have trod
Loudly, in that place of God?

There is none but me to read
Her unuttered, wistful need.
Christ, that anything so good
Gives to share my every mood,
Thou dost know if I have meant
Any end but her content!
Joy instinctive and divine,
Love beyond removal mine,
Trust that no foreboding shakes,
These await me when she wakes;
Not from the world's wrong alone
Must I keep her, but my own.

THE STORM-CLOUD

THE red, red star of battle is glowering in the
West,
The sky morose and secret, with thunder
brooding low;
The hosts are massed and breathless for the
sudden trump to blow —
Look now, thou Lord of Tempest, who bear
their weapons best!

In the last hush of waiting, our faces gloomed
and grey,
Through the far moan of waters we heard a
voice of dread,
That moved among the pennons, and soft and
sombre spread
Thy word of wrath relentless, “Spare not —
spare not — but slay!”

Red, red the star shall lower upon the tempest
cloud —
The stream shall rush and revel, full fed with
ruddy life;
And Thy avenging spirit shall walk amid the
strife
With panic and disaster, till Baal's neck be
bowed!

DUSK SONG

WITCH's bat and whip-poor-will
Wheel about the furrowed hill:
Dusky wood and crooked wing,
Plodding hoof and tuneful chain;
Hark! the whole earth murmuring

Home again.

Barn or cot in equal measure
Hold for all our hard-won pleasure.

Faint, exquisite, scarce displayed,
Rest's rose-tinted sickle-blade
Hangs above the cottage roof.
Vesta! reap the field of pain
While we guide the laboured hoof

Home again;

Rest the reaper and the drover
When their daily work is over.

Toilers to the cottage call,
Bring the oxen to the stall:
Then, betwixt the lamp and star
Draw the lover down the lane:
Hale the husbandman afar

Home again:

Grant the children of thy soil
Love for labour, sleep for toil.

IN AN ORCHARD

Jack. Come, my Joy! and kiss me now.

Jill. Guess my place, or else — away!

Jack. There, beneath the bended bough.

Jill. Here, behind the foamy spray.

Jack. How the rosy light within
Flushes through that snowy screen!

Jill. Lest the moth his dance begin
Leave the lacy branch between.

Both (*aside*).

Yet how sweet, so close to be,
Pent within the cloudy tree!

Jill. Humming-bird and golden bee
Cling upon the cloudy bough —

Jack. Laden, too, with sweets are we:
Come! and taste their pleasures now.

Jill. Some, too careless of the feast,
Swoon upon their downy bed.

Jack. Saddest, those who drink the least —
Richest, those the fullest fed.

Both. Oh, how sweet! the kisses deep,
Lulling to the tranced sleep!

THE WINTER MOON

At the chill of the twilight, when the red moon,
the round moon,
The wonder moon of wanderers, rose above the
road —

All hoary-set and white
In the ancient light
On hedge and roof and scented rick the gems
of winter glowed.

How keen through the lustre of the rose moon,
the rich moon,
By hill and dale to my lone ear the breath of
sighing came!

Oh, soft was the moan
From the southward blown —
But earth and heaven breathed it like a great
Æolian frame.

There was rime on the furrow, by the full
moon, the frost moon;
The long grey grass turned silver, the road
rung to the heel;
And I thought in the chill
So keen and still,
*How bears a heart that once I loved the bitter
frost I feel?*

A long, long journey by the great moon, the
gold moon,

A journey by the cold moon that beckons on
above:

Oh, south by her glow

To my home I'll go,

And rest my breast at daybreak on the bosom
of my love.

VAUCLUSE HILL

BETWEEN the roadside and the full-grown
wheat

There is a place, secure and shadowed still
As when I rested here, those seven complete
Strange years gone by. Beyond, the curving
hill

Yet ripples to the sun; and musings fill
The wind-blown oaks, my counsellors of old
hours,

Which murmur yet their monody, and thrill
With hints of incommunicable powers.

Six harvests garnered from the generous field,
And one that waits the reaper — yet no change;
Six robes down-fallen from the trees, to grow
And spread once more. Of all the scene re-
vealed.

There is not one thing altered, lost, or strange,
Even to the grief I left here long ago.

THE FULL CUP

If this night were the last of my life's dream
It would be full, through having felt my clay
As one with the rich earth, the low star's gleam,
This murmuring of wet leaves, this change and
 play

Of odors and small sounds. I would repay
My rivulet to the source wherefrom it wells,
Dwell in the dusk, not heedful of the day,
Being content; desiring nothing else.

If this night were the last, it would be full,
Feeling the life-tide that envelops mine,
To know my being a ripple on the pool,
And to perceive my image in the shine
Of vagrant worlds, that time nor change can
 rule,
And only the dim deeps of space confine.

VALÈ

LET this humble verse at least be yours
Since I must give no more, beloved mine;
A slender tribute, yet the stumbling line
Must hold a volume that my soul outpours.
Hearken a little: soon the prison doors
Close on my singing — will the dumb words
 then
Have power to move you? Will they speak
 again
As once *I* spoke, and be my orators?
Do not mistake me: bitter days will come
And nights too long by many an hour unslept;
Times when chance phrases that so long are
 dumb
Ring in the memory! Let these words be kept
Living to tell you when my lips are numb
How bright a love into the dark has crept.

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